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MERELY A MIRROR.

The function that must be performed by a newspaper is to reflect all that happens; it is a great mirror, a machine; the editors and reporters that gather the news are the component parts of this great machine, little mirrors placed here and there to reflect everything that happens. The completed newspaper is recognized as the greatest boon ever offered mankind; it gives the greatest amount of literature or of wholesome knowledge for the least cost. The cities that support the best newspapers are the best cities; they are populated with intelligent people who encourage good papers and will not tolerate Pulitzerism. The people of the country are being gradually educated to an appreciation of good newspapers. The yellow journal has not proved successful of late. People seek criteria from among newspapers that endeavor to eliminate sensationalism and discourage those which depend upon canards so as to appear newsy. The most successful newspapers are those that act as servants of the people, purely as news gatherers. Personalities have no apparent place in the successful newspaper although the publication is the composite personality of all associated with it; it is offered to the public under a convenient non deplume. Nor can the successful newspaper be used to satisfy personal animosities. The regime must always realize that its publication is merely a mirror, a public servant. It must appeal to a varied clientele; news that may bring discomfiture or even sorrow to some is of interest to the majority; for a paper to deny some the privilege of reading such matter in compliance with the request of a few is a grievous error. In such instances those most vitally interested often misjudge the paper apparently they do not appreciate the necessity of a newspaper maintaining a certain standard among newsgatherers. We do not mean to imply that the honor of men and women should be assailed for the sake of a story; it is a poor newspaper that depends upon such matter for its columns and it is a poor clientele that relishes such news. The successful newspaper does not enter to that element. Occasions arise, however, which demand a certain amount of publicity, the people at large are interested, they wish to be enlightened as to what happened at a wedding, at a reception, at an afternoon tea. They wish to know what the hostess wore, who was there, how the rooms were decorated what refreshments were served. They are not envious, they hold no ill feeling toward the entertainers because they did not receive an invitation; they are merely curious and curiosity must needs be satisfied. The paper is looked to for this satisfaction. Many arguments are offered against such publicity, some say "the wedding will be a quiet affair. We wish nothing said about it." And yet the hundreds who are acquainted with the principals are clamoring for particulars; they depend upon the press. If the interested parties show no inclination to give out the particulars, it is up to the reporter to obtain the story or lose his position. The same may be said of the informal afternoon tea. The people wish to know what occurred; the paper must offer the knowledge. No successful paper can serve individuals, it must be a mirror for the people at large.

NOTHING BUT LIES.

Elmore Pressed the Button.

Samuel Elmore tells a good story on himself. It seems that some years ago he made a trip to Alaska. He was one of a party among whom was a lady. The lady was the proud possessor of a kodak. Being slightly interested in archaeology and likewise in ethnology, Mr. Elmore suggested that the lady have her picture taken while standing with a number of native Alaskan women. She readily consented and upon Mr. Elmore offering his services as operator, handed him the treasured photo box. The lady smoothed a few wrinkles that marred the appearance of a handsome

foulard waist and lighting her face with an angelic smile gave the signal. Mr. Elmore pressed the button and murmured something about the "camera manufacturers doing the rest." The lady was not satisfied. She wished to have a second negative made for fear the first would not do her justice. Once more she posed and once more Mr. Elmore pressed the button.

"There," he said, "that should be an excellent photograph. It is not very difficult to take."

"No, it isn't," responded the fair subject, "especially when you forget to remove the plug." Duty called Mr. Elmore at this moment and he hastened away in search of the aurora borealis.

They Hit the Trail.

Although their going and coming was not heralded in the press those great old cronies Pat Gilmore and Tom Trullinger departed from the quiet scenes of the "City by the Sea" on the Larline Monday evening last and quietly stole back Thursday night, wiser, better informed in the ways of the world, but poorer in purse than when they departed, for have they not been to the City of Roses, have they not seen the sights of the Fair, have they not hit the Trail from A to Z, including several hours devoted to the art of terpsichore in Gay Paree, and in their brief, but thrilling, experience learned of wonderful things never dreamed of before, gained vast knowledge and great wisdom and partaken freely of the costly viands provided for satisfying the inner man, all of which caused them to shell out the filthy lucre as never before to the depletion of their financial resources.

And now they are back and have resumed the usual quiet routine of daily life, the center of admiring groups which gather about them on the streets and with open-mouthed wonderment listen to the vivid descriptions of sights to be seen at the fair. Pat is not as well satisfied with the trip as he would have been if Tom had not insisted upon passing the greater portion of the time on the Trail—that was a little too expensive. It is rumored that if it is decided to hold a regatta this year Pat will lecture at the opera house in aid of the fund to be raised, his subject being, "Ireland as represented at the Lewis and Clark Fair." Tom will sing a rag-time ditty composed by himself and entitled, "The Scenes I Saw and the Girls I Met on the Trail."

Authority On Carp.

The rivers of Oregon and Washington were stocked with carp some time ago, a brand of fish that is neither useful nor ornamental. Link C. Burton, deputy fish commissioner of Washington, offers the following good receipt for preparing carp for food: Whenever you catch a German carp, clean it and hang it out in the sun six weeks to dry; then nail it to a pine board and cover it thoroughly with salt and mud. Let it stand for two months longer and then bake two days. Remove the nails, throw the carp over the back fence and eat the board, but never eat the carp.—Skamokawa Eagle.

The Columbia River Sun says: An Astoria girl recently sent her photograph to her best fellow wrapped up in a newspaper on which was printed an advertisement of Heilborn's Monarch ranges. A portion of the print adhered to the photograph and the young man was very much startled to see him staring him in the face in bold pica type the following words: "See name on leg."

The following deeds were filed for record in the county clerk's office yesterday:

Real Estate Transfers.

- Agnes Keel to H. E. Noble, 160 acres in section 8, T. 7 N., R. 6 W., \$1,900.
C. E. Engle and wife to H. E. Noble, 160 acres in section 17, T. 7 N., R. 6 W., \$1,900.
H. E. Noble and wife to Fred W. Bradley, 640 acres in sections 8 and 17, T. 7 N., R. 6 W., \$7,500.
William Ross and wife to E. Z. Ferguson, 160 acres in section 7, T. 7 N., R. 6 W., \$5.
E. Z. Ferguson and wife to Fred W. Bradley, same property, \$1.
United States to Axel Stockenberg, 160 acres in section 27, T. 6 N., R. 9 W., patent.
H. C. Thompson and wife to Mrs. Lottie Winslow, lots 17 and 18, block 24, Seal Rock Beach; \$50.
Milton Young to Seaside Spruce Lumber Co., lots 1, 2, 6, 7 and 9, block 12, Bradbury's addition to Ocean Grove; \$450.
Leon Mansur and wife to Seaside Spruce Lumber Co., undivided half of lot 1, block 7, Bradbury's addition to Ocean Grove; \$52.50.
United States to H. S. Pike, 160 acres in section 17, T. 5 N., R. 10 W.; patent.

If you can not eat, sleep or work, feel mean, cross and ugly, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea this month. A tonic for the sick. There is no remedy equal to it. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets, at Frank Hart's drug store.

HOW INDIANS SPREAD NEWS.

Creeks Have Speedy Communication That is a Marvel to Whites

The rapidity with which the news of orders given out from the Union Indian agency and the Dawes Commission spreads to the remotest corners of the Creek nation is a continual source of wonder to the Federal officials. When, in October, the regulation compelling Indians to accept the pay for their land in instalments of \$10 a month was announced it seemed that every Indian in the Creek territory knew it at once, knew it at once, for the petitions for sale dropped off immediately. A few days ago when the order was revoked and the Indian was allowed to pay for his land at the rate of \$50 a month, practically everybody knew it the next day, and business in the Creek land sales department suddenly became lively again.

When it is remembered that there are several thousand full-blooded Indians in the Creek nation who cannot speak or read a word of English and have no way of learning the news of the day except by word of mouth, the speed with which intelligence is communicated to them is most remarkable. Most of the full-bloods live in the hills or mountains, far from railroads, and in sections where daily or even weekly papers are seldom or never read.

General Pleasant Porter, chief of the Creek nation, the best informed man in his tribe, when asked to explain the phenomenon said significantly:

"It may be mental telepathy. Let me ask you a question. How does the buzzard flying through the air, learn that an animal has been killed, and why are there hundreds of them on the scene in less time than it takes to tell about it? You may call it instinct, or anything else you please, but the Indians keep as well posted on the news that interests them as the newspaper reading does white people.

"My people have formed the habit of communicating whatever interests them to their neighbors, and asking them to pass it on. Every train that leaves Muskogee is loaded with Indians who know personally of an order. They pass the word along and it spreads like wildfire. In the early days the Creeks had regular couriers, who carried the news. One of these would visit a town, and at sundown the people would gather around him and hear the information he had to impart. The town king would then detail some one to pass it on to the members of the next town or tribe, and the same method would be repeated.

"I have known," said the chief growling more reminiscent, "of foot carriers traveling one hundred miles a day with important messages. One morning during the Creek rebellion I sent a messenger out to get to get volunteers for my army, and before the sun set twelve hundred men came into my camp.

"Warriors had a way of announcing the approach of an enemy by giving warwhoops. If the yells followed closely one after another, the enemy was near. One prolonged whoop indicated that the enemy was many miles distant, with no danger of immediate attack." —(Kansas City Journal.)

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris is that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough for fourteen years. Nothing helped me until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption coughs and colds, which gave instant relief, and effect a permanent cure." Unequaled quick cure for throat and lung troubles. At Chas. Rogers drug store; price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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Maintains unexcelled service from the west to the east and south. Making close connections with trains of all transcontinental lines, passengers are given their choice of routes to Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans, and through these points to the far east.

Prospective travelers desiring information as to the lowest rates and best routes are invited to correspond with the following representatives:

- B. H. TRUMBULL, Commercial Agent, 142 Third St., Portland, Ore.
J. C. LINDSEY, Trav. Passenger Agent, 142 Third St., Portland, Ore.
PAUL B. THOMPSON, Pass'gr. Agent,

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

HAPPY RESULTS.

Have Made Many Astoria Residents Enthusiastic.

No wonder scores of Astoria citizens grow enthusiastic. It is enough to make anyone happy to find relief after years of suffering. Public statements like the following are but truthful representations of the daily work done in Astoria by Doan's Kidney Pills:

W. R. McIntosh, whose place of residence is at 593 Harrison avenue, says: "For years I suffered very much from lameness and soreness across the small of my back. To turn in bed gave me painful twinges and when I was not working, but simply standing around, there was a constant aching over my hips. The kidney secretions gave me no end of trouble. I often thought I had gravel, so painful were the secretions in passing. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box at Charles Rogers' drug store, on Commercial street. On taking them I soon noticed an improvement in my condition, and the pain across my back was soon wonderfully relieved. Though I did not take Doan's Kidney Pills as regularly as I should have done, they did me a great deal of good."

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Electric Face Massage and Scalp treatment; five expert barbers. Baths. OCCIDENT HOTEL BARBER SHOP.

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You'll want light, airy furniture.

BAMBOO

Hall Racks, Center Tables, etc., etc., are just the thing. Step in and Examine them. teapots, cups and saucers, ice cream dishes, etc., in abundance.

Yokohama Bazar 628 Commercial Street, Astori

This is the kind of a Story for which the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is paying \$10,000

TOO DIFFICULT In a Pennsylvania town where the friends of a young girl who had been kidnapped by a young man who had in the course of his twenty-one years received much needed discipline at her hands. The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and at a point in the wedding-dinner her young relative looked over at her with a beginning smile. "Tell us why they never married, Aunt Fanny?" he asked. "Well," said the old Quakeress, calmly, "it was because I was not as nice as my wife was."

Do you know of a better one

We want little stories, anecdotes, bits of verse—any clipping from a newspaper, magazine or book that has made you

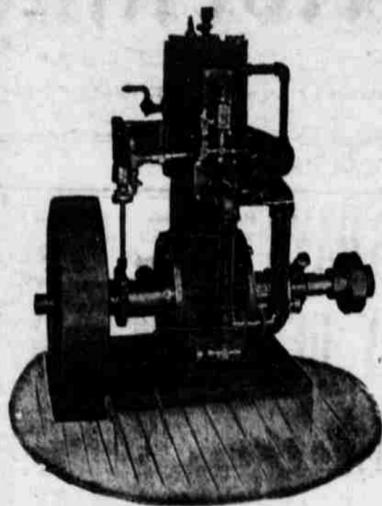
Think, Laugh or Cry \$50 prizes will be given for the best selections. Ten piles of silver dollars as high as the first ten successful competitors are the first awards. The only condition for entering this competition is that you send with your clipping 50c for a six months' trial subscription to the National Magazine. Address,

JOE CHAPPLE, Editor 946 BOSTON AVENUE, Boston, Mass.

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The Astorian 75c a month

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